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Of DISCRETION.

*Isthic est sapere non quod ante pedes modo est
Videre: sed etiam illa quæ futura sunt prospicere.*



It is a very sensible and just Observation of a *Spanish* Author, that Discretion is amongst the first Lessons that we are taught, and the last that we learn. To say the Truth, it seems to be a Quality as difficult to acquire, as it is necessary to possess; and therefore I do not at all wonder that Sir *Henry Wotton* was so much struck with the Advice given him by his *Italian* Landlord, who, after promising him a Rule that should carry him safely through the World, gave him
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this, *Gli pensieri stretti & il viso sciolto*, i. e. *Your Thoughts close and your Looks open*. Which is an admirable Maxim, because every Man has a Right to examine your Countenance, but your Breast is your Cabinet, of which none ought to have the Key but your self. But it may be said after all this, What is Discretion? To which I answer: That it is the Faculty of discerning what is fit to be done or said upon any Occasion, and Speaking and Acting accordingly.

There is nothing more common than for young People to fancy they have a Privilege to be indiscreet; which is both a foolish and a false Notion, as it throws them off their Guard, and betrays them under the notion of light Mistakes into false Steps, from which they find it impossible to recover. They ought therefore to consider, that Discretion is a Habit, which, if not early acquired, can hardly ever be attained, and which, though it is always of use, is never of so great Consequence, as in the earlier part of Life, when an Opportunity improved, may establish; or lost, may extinguish a Man's Fortune. Besides, as Discretion is a Quality not common in young Men, it is the more admired and esteemed. We may add to this, that though it cost some Pains to acquire, yet when young Men are once Masters of it, they seldom lose it, but maintain through their Life that Character which at the first setting out they have obtained. It is a just Observation, that a young Coxcomb makes an old Fool; and though there are certainly many Indulgencies due to Youth, yet it is a great point of Prudence, seldom or never to have recourse to them.

There is another great Obstacle to Discretion arising from Birth or high Quality. Some People are apt to think, that their being above the World, renders them unaccountable to the World, which is a very false and a very absurd Opinion. The very contrary of this is strictly true; high Birth, or an exalted Dignity, renders a Man so much the more accountable. Every Word that falls from such a Person has a peculiar Emphasis. If it relates to Business, it becomes a Command; if to Faults, it is a Sentence; if a Promise, it amounts to an Obligation. King *Alonzo*, who was surnamed the Wise, discourses admirably on this Subject; 'Talkativeness, says he, is a Fault in all, but most dangerous in Princes, for it makes their Words slighted and disregarded. If a King be not a Man of good Sense, his Tongue soon discovers that Defect; for as the Sounding of a Vessel is distinguished by ringing, so the Strength of a Man's Judgment is perceived from his Words.'

Words." This Observation seems to be borrowed from the Roman Poet *Perfius*,

— *Sonat vitium percussa malignè,
Respondet viridi non coëta fidelia limo.*

What is said of Princes reaches to all Persons of very great Rank, more or less, according to their Station, and therefore it becomes them to consider, that they are so far from having any Privilege in reference to Indiscretion, that whatever Slip of that kind they make, is looked upon as a Thing unpardonable, and frequently forces them to Acknowledgments which of all others are most repugnant to their Characters. Instances show this more clearly and more agreeably than Words. The Fortrefs of *Porto Ferrajo* in the Island of *Elba*, has been always considered as the Place in *Europe*, which has the best title to be thought impregnable. The Marshal *de la Meilleraie*, a French Officer of great Distinction, went to take a View of it, and was shown every Part of the Fortifications by *Griffoni*, who was Governor of it for the Great Duke of *Tuscany*; to whom the Marshal, according to the natural Vanity of that Nation, could not help saying, 'Sir, your Place is a strong Place, but if my Master should give me Orders to attack it, I should not at all doubt giving him a good account of it in six Weeks. Your Excellency, replied *Griffoni*, takes much too long Time; for my Master is so much the King's humble Servant, that if he had any Occasion for it, he might command it in a Moment.' The Marshal blushed, and after taking a turn or two, replied, 'You are a Man of Sense, Governor, and I am a Blockhead. I confess your Place is impregnable.' There was certainly good Sense and Spirit in this, and the Marshal atoned very well for the Fault he had committed; but without doubt he would have shown more Sense if he had avoided this Mistake.

We are too apt to imagine, that what we say to mean People, and to Folks very much below us, is of little or no Consequence; but there cannot be a greater point of Indiscretion. A Man ought to be always on his Guard, and how little soever there may be to those with whom we converse, there is a lasting Obligation upon us to speak and act in such a manner as becomes us. He who treats with Rudeness a Person much below him, not only degrades himself, but releases the Person to whom he speaks from that Respect by which he would be otherwise constrained, and lays himself open to

receive more sensible Injuries than he can inflict. Besides, there is nothing so mutable as Fortune, and as it is impossible that we should be sure of continuing always what we are, so it is equally uncertain that Persons in the lowest Condition should remain for ever in that State. *Philip de Comines* tells us, that he saw *Henry Holland* Duke of *Exeter*, running bare-legged after the Duke of *Burgundy* begging Charity, though that Duke and he had married two Sisters. The Country Knight who put *Wolsey* when a Schoolmaster into the Stocks, did afterwards long Penance for it in Prison. The Instability of human Affairs is a perpetual Monitor against little and great Indiscretions.

A LETTER to a Gentleman with regard to
English Poetry.

Written Anno 1738.

S I R,

AS you seem to have a Taste for *English* Poetry, and are desirous of making some Improvements, I have taken the Liberty to offer you my Sentiments on this Subject, as they occur, without Connection; and let the real Zeal I have to serve you, atone for the little Imperfections of the Attempt.

You are now engaged in the first Part of Academic Learning, the Perusal of the *Greek* and *Roman* Authors. It is from the Poets of these two Nations you are to lay the Groundwork of your Improvement in this Kind of Writing: And indeed the consulting these great Writers, whose Works have been the Praise and Admiration of all succeeding Ages, is nothing but the consulting Nature herself, from whose pure Fountain they have derived their Streams. These are the clear and untroubled Springs of Learning, which *Horace* advises us to have Recourse to.

———— *Juvat antiquos accedere fontes*
Atque haurire. ————

—These are the Books he recommends to be used on all Occasions.

———— *Vos exemplaria Græca*
Nocturnâ versate manu, versate diurnâ.

And these were the original Models he himself so happily copied.

The

The Principal of the *Greek* Poets are however, *Hesiod, Theocritus, Anacreon, Alcaeus, Sappho*, and *Sophocles*; amongst the *Latins, Virgil, Horace, Ovid, Lucretius, Terence*, and *Lucan*; not but there are other excellent Poets in either Language, but that these are the most distinguish'd. It would be needless to point out their different Excellencies, as you can have them better told you by the Gentleman intrusted with your present Education, who perfectly understands all their Delicacies.

By a careful Perusal of these great Originals, you will soon find if your Genius leads you this Road; for however amiable and inviting the Path may seem, it leads often into difficult Passes. Happy is it for you, if your Genius be poetical, that Poetry can never be but your Amusement, and as such, I will promise it to you the most agreeable and innocent one in the World.

The next Thing is to find what antient Author, *Greek* or *Roman*, best agrees with your own Temper and Judgment, whatever that shall be. Study this Author with the strictest Attention, and select from our *English* Poets him who has form'd himself upon the Model of your favourite Antient. As this is not an easy Study [I have given a Table on this Subject, where you will see this Matter at one View] on this *English* Poet fix your principal Attention, by which you will, in a Manner most agreeable to yourself, attain the principal Point in View.

Let me here premise, that a Genius is always presupposed in this Case: A Genius tho' uncultivated, like a rich Soil, will produce Flowers tho' mix'd with Weeds; but all the Art in the World will never produce any Beauties this way, if a Soil be wanting. It is only a Genius directed by Judgment and improved by Art, that will ever be fully successful.

Tho' we have many celebrated *English* Writers, yet I have named but a few, because I would have you take the chastest and most correct, and because a great Variety of Writers would rather confound than direct your Determination on this Article.

II. You may at first setting out, in the Essays you form, consult *Gildon* or *Bysshe*: I should, if I chose either, prefer the latter, but I would by all Means recommend to you the Use of neither. And if your Taste be genuine, and your Ear good, (which latter your Inclination to Music promises) you will need none of these artificial Helps. These crambo Dictionaries and alphabetical Helps, are only like Stilts to prop a weak Genius, where the Imagination is glad to borrow some Assistance

sistence at a cheap Rate, as conscious of its own Feebleness.—
 'Tis to these artificial Helps we owe the terrible Inundation of
 Verse that has broke all Limits, the rhyming Contagion that is
 epidemical in our daily Papers, monthly Magazines, and other
 choice Collections, the Merit of which Performances may be
 generally contracted to the Definition of a witty Writer,
 " That they are not Poetry, but Prose run mad."——

The Method I would chuse to hint to you is, first to consult
 the best Prose Writers we have in *English*, particularly those
 who have wrote on general Subjects. A careful Reading of
 the immortal Writings of a late Reign, will give you such a
 compleat Knowledge of the *English* Language in its greatest
 Perfection, as will make you a Judge and Master of Style.
 I mean those celebrated Volumes that bear the Names of the
Spectator, *Guardian*, and *Tatler*. These indeed contain a true
 Fund of poetical Materials; just Sentiments, proper Epithets,
 beautiful Descriptions, lively Similies, and entertaining Fables
 are every where to be found. A great Part is only Poetry in
 Disguise! so that the proper Fund is found ready; and a good
 Genius and clear Understanding will always know how to
 manage it to great Advantage.

Above all, let Nature be your Guide; your present Situation
 in the Country will give you great Opportunities of seeing her
 real Beauties, and of viewing the Rural Manners: If any of
 these touch you either in the serious or merry way, (as I think
 they cannot fail to do) don't neglect to strike your Image or
 Idea on Paper: Do so, when ever any thing more than ordi-
 nary affects you; it is at least but a harmless way of diverting
 the Pain of any Passion you may feel.—No matter what the
 Words are your Emotion dictates, fear not being incorrect if
 you be truly warmed. These hasty Sketches are the Outlines
 of true Poetry, from whence the *quid valeant humeri* must be
 judged: If these are bold and true, no matter for the other
 Points; the Softness and Colouring will easily follow, if the
 Images of Men and Things are themselves once masterly de-
 sign'd. These Things are design'd only for your own Use,
 not for publick shew; when you are able to raise the just Build-
 ing, you will not need these Pieces of Scaffolding which are so
 necessary at the Beginning of the Art.

If you will ask, How shall I know my own Sentiments to
 be just? I answer, That by this Method they bid fairer to be
 so, if thus dictated by Nature, than if you were furnish'd both
 with the Thought and Dress from superior Hands: Not to say
 that one is your own and the other borrow'd, which makes a
 very

very material Difference. It is true, no Thought you can possibly hit upon may be wholly new; but then in this way your Manner of dressing it will be still natural, which is all that can be expected.

The Antients have indeed exhausted all the Sources of Poetry to us, and left us nothing but the Hazard of the happiest Imitation. To do this successfully, we must study to follow Nature, our common Guide and Parent; and in Proportion to our observing or neglecting this Rule, we shall either be fortunate or otherwise.

But not to deviate too far, (tho' Rules of this Kind are very little necessary to a good Genius, and wholly useless to a bad one) I shall just mention some few Things which occur to me from the Review you have been pleased to give me of two of your Essays, which I think discover a natural Genius, otherwise I should not presume to give you this Trouble.

I. Study the best *English* Prose Writers: Mr. *Addison* and *Steele* I have mentioned; let me add Dr. *Sprat*. ABp. *Tillotson*, Dr. *Atterbury*, Dr. *Friend*, and above all, I would add my Lord *Shaftsbury* for Elegance of Style, if his Sentiments were always as just as the Dress is becoming and majestic.

II. For the Poets, acquaint yourself with the strong and bold Touches of *Shakespear*, which are struck by the Hand of Nature herself. He alone will raise your Imagination; correct his Fire with the Judgment of *B. Johnson*, who was all cool Art. For fine Versification chuse *Dryden* and Mr. *Pope*; for finish'd Writing, Mr. *Prior*; for chaste Elegance, Mr. *Addison*; for soft Delicacy, *Waller*; for Wit, *Cowley*; for Judgment, *Denham*. How far these agree with the Antients you will see in the Table.

III. Write your Sentiment first in poetical Style or Prose, without Numbers, before you cast your Rhymes; thus it will remain true Poetry when the Jingle is taken from it.

IV. Avoid all low Monosyllables, particularly the Expletives *and*, *for*, *does* or *do*, and all the little Particles used in Prose as much as possible. Of two or three Words that are synonymous, always chuse, according to the Ear, those of longest or fewest Syllables, as they are most harmonious.

V. Par-

V. Particularly be carefully nice in the Choice of your Epithets, and if you can, compound them in the *Greek Manner*, by the mixing two Words, as *sweetly-breathing*, *softly-smiling*, *gaily-blooming*, or such like.

VI. As much as possible let the End of the Line conclude the Sense, or at least so as not to break with the Beginning of the next.

VII. Shun all Repetition or Tautology in Words or Sentiments.

VIII. Review often, blot carefully, and spare no Pains in the Polishing. The more Art you use, the less Art will be discover'd, if Nature drew the Draught originally.

IX. Write seldom, and little, but finish all you do.

These, Sir, are all the Directions I think will be necessary to you ; if they shall be of any Service, it will be a particular Pleasure to me. That you make a happy Progress in your Studies, so as to answer the Cares of your worthy Father, and the Expectations of your real Friends, shall ever be the sincere Wishes of,

S I R,

Your Obedient,

Whitefryars, Jan. 5.

1738.

Humble Servant.

In Imitation of the SPECTATOR.

From my own Apartment, April 19, 1746.

Language is the Garb of our Thoughts, and like other Garbs is subject to Fashion and Alteration ; but then a judicious Care is to be had, when a Fashion is first set on foot, that it be just and proper, and such as will be of use at least, if not give us a better Air and Grace, otherwise it will only expose us to Ridicule.

What

What drew this Reflection from me was the following Petition.

To the SPECTATOR.

The humble Petition of " Ought sheweth,

" That your Petitioner apprehends he is in danger of being turn'd out of the *English* Language, for no other reason than meer Ignorance in the Printers or Correctors of the Press; for he is not willing to suppose that the Authors are enter'd into a Combination against him.

" He begs leave to say, that he has had right of Possession for two hundred years or more, till of late one Mr. *Aught*, a meer upstart, has attempted to supplant him. He hopes it will be no Offence to ask who this Mr. *Aught* is. The World is well enough acquainted with one *Naught*, a Person of Ill-fame, and it is from him he must deduce his Pedigree if he has any; but it seems he is ashamed of his Relations, and therefore would shelter himself in another Family.

" Whereas your Petitioner was descended from one *Nought*, an honest poor Wretch not worth a Farthing, but has by his own Diligence and Industry raised himself to some Figure.

" Your Petitioner therefore humbly prays, that you would take his Case into Consideration, and straitway issue your Spectatorial Injunctions to all Printers whatsoever, that they never presume to mention *Aught* in Prejudice to your Petitioner's Claim, nor ever write or print thus, ' for *Aught* I know, or *Aught* he can do, and the like, instead of for *Ought* I know, &c.

" *And your Petitioner, as in Duty bound,*
" *shall pray.*

OUGHT.

I had just dined, and was filling my Pipe, when my Servant brought the above Petition to me: it was carelessly folded up, that it was; for I think there was not above a quarter of a Wafer to keep it from falling to Pieces. Whether it was from that little Respect shown to my Character, or to an Indolence natural to a full Stomach, I will not determine; but sure enough I cast my Eye over it with a sort of Preju-

dice, and had folded it up very neatly in order to give it fire as soon as my Maid had brought in the small Candle I use upon these Occasions; but she making me wait something longer than ordinary, as she will do sometimes, I, who am willing to catch at any handle for Patience, unfolded the Paper, and read it over again, and to that Accident it is owing that the Reader has now seen it.

The time has been when I receiv'd Petitions from Messieurs *Who, What, and That*, and did justice to their several Pretensions: and I see not why I should not give some Countenance to Mr. *Ought*, especially as his concerns his very Being, whereas theirs related only to Precedence.

It is said somewhere, I think, of the great *Cæsar*, that though he gave Law to the *Roman* People, he was not able to give a new Word to their Language. I believe the good People of *Great Britain*, would as little care to have a new Word imposed upon them as the *Romans*, so jealous are they of Liberty; but they may be cheated into it by Use and Custom, before they are aware of it.

I have weigh'd the Petitioner's Claim, and though the discarding him out of our Language, may be alledged an Improvement, as it would prevent Ambiguities and Mistakes arising from another *Ought*, who it seems at one time or other has every body in his Debt; yet as there is no necessity for it, they being easily distinguished by the Company they keep, and as there would be no end of Innovations if this were permitted, there being many Words in our Language that have a Sameness both in Sound and Letters, from which however no Mistakes can arise if we use but common care in the reading of them. Therefore I do hereby straitly charge and require all the Printers of *Great Britain* (*Ireland* may do as it pleases) that they restore *Ought* to his lawful Claim, as they will answer the contrary at their Peril.

TO RELIGION.

AN ODE.

PARENT of Bills! descended from above!
Whose Pow'r, attun'd to Notes of Joy and Love,
In one smooth Tenor keeps the Soul.
Or gives the lab'ring Heart-strings balmy Peace,
And, lenient, bids the ghastly Eyeballs cease
With Pain and conscious Dread to roll.
Hither approach! thou by the Moon's pale Light
Oft ken'd by Hermit, in the silent Night
Fearless to tread the spangled Plain:
What time despairing Ghosts take their slow Round,
And mark their heaving Breasts with many a Wound,
And clank their horrid length of Chain.
She comes, she comes; divine, majestick Fair!
Easy, not loose her Garments float in Air,
And high her dauntless Head she rears;
With REASON hand in hand proceeds the Queen,
TRUTH on her left with Smiles, and Brow serene,
Half cover'd and half bare appears.
Before her INNOCENCE, fair Infant, flies,
Behind REPENTANCE slowly creeps and sighs,
While Tears betray his inward Pain;
Still in his Eye HOPE, blooming Cherub, plays,
As thro' the gloomy Cloud bright *Phœbus*' Rays
Shine forth, and gild the twinkling Rain.
Apall'd the Atheist views—convulsive Dread
Unstrings each Nerve, and shakes his palsied Head—
And Strength his fault'ring Knees forsakes:

CONSCIENCE, long banish'd, now resumes her Place,
The modest Blush tinges again his Face,

While awful thus RELIGION speaks.

‘ Haste, from my Presence haste; will Reason aid?

‘ Close by my Side behold the constant Maid—

‘ Whose Influence ne’er was felt by you.

‘ Where is your boasted Courage? where is now

‘ The full-blown Taunt, the supercilious Brow,

‘ That arm’d your impious, coward Crew?

‘ Dare you, if nought experienc’d Mercy claims,

‘ Dare you, vain Worms, defy th’ Almighty’s Arms,

‘ And call his Arrows from the Skies?

‘ From whose fierce Wrath th’ uprooted Hills retire,

‘ And Lightnings glare, and Coals of living Fire,

‘ As on the Wings of Winds he flies.

‘ Tremble, base Tribe, lest impious Korah’s Fate

‘ Attend on Crimes as daring and as great;

‘ Lest Earth again her Jaws should ope;

‘ Ev’n now I paint you sinking to my Eyes,

‘ I view your blank Despair, I hear your Cries,

‘ Devoid of Pity and of Hope.

The Pleasure of POETRY.

An O D E.

I.

H Appy the Babe whose natal Hour

The Muse propitious deigns to grace,

No Frowns on his soft Fore-head low’r,

No Cries distort his tender Face;

But o’er her Child, forgetting all her Pangs,

Insatiate of his Smiles, the raptur’d Parent hangs.

II.

Let Statesmen on the sleepless Bed
The Fate of Realms and Princes weigh,
While in the agonizing Head
They form ideal Scenes of Sway ;
Not long, alas ! the fancied Charms delight,
But melt, like Spectre-forms, in silent Shades of Night.

III.

Ye heavy Pedants, dull of lore,
Nod o'er the Taper's livid Flame,
Ye Misers, still increase your Store,
Still tremble at the Robber's name ;
Or shudd'ring from the recent Dream arise,
While visionary Fire glows dreadful to your Eyes.

IV.

Far other Joys the Muses show'r,
Benignant, on the aching Breast,
'Tis theirs in the lone, cheerless Hour,
To lull the lab'ring Heart to Rest :
With bright'ning Calms they glad the Prospect dear,
And bid each Groan subside, and dry up ev'ry Tear.

V.

From earthly Mists, ye gentle Nine !
Whene'er you purge the visual Ray,
Sudden the Landscapes fairer shine,
And blander smiles the Face of Day ;
Ev'n *Chloe's* Lips with brighter Vermil glow,
And on her youthful Cheek the Rose-buds fresher blow.

VI.

When *Boreas* 'sounds his fierce Alarms,
And all the green-clad Nymphs are fled,

Oh !

Oh! then I lie in Fancy's Arms

On fragrant *May's* delicious Bed :

And thro' the Shade, slow-creeping from the Dale,

Feel on my drowsy Face the lilly-breathing Gale.

VII.

Or on the Mountain's airy Height

Hear Winter call his howling Train,

Chas'd by the Spring and *Dryads* light,

That now resume their blissful Reign.

While smiling *Flora* binds her *Zephyr's* Brows,

With ev'ry various Flow'r that Nature's lap bestows.

VIII.

More potent than the *Sybil's* Gold

That led *Aeneas'* bold Emprize,

When you, *Calliope*, unfold

Your Laurel-branch, each Phantom flies !

Slow Cares with heavy Wings beat the dull Air,

And Dread, and pale-ey'd Grief, and Pain, and black Despair.

IX.

With you *Elysium's* happy Bow'rs,

The Mansions of the glorious Dead,

I visit oft, and cull the Flow'rs

That rise spontaneous to your Tread ;

Such active Virtue warms that pregnant Earth,

And Heav'n with kindlier hand assists each genial Birth,

X.

Here oft I wander thro' the Gloom,

While pendent Fruit the Leaves among,

Gleams thro' the Shade with golden Bloom,

Where lurks the various-feather'd Throng,

Wh

Whole Notes th' eternal Spring, unceasing, chear,
Nor leave in mournful Silence half the drooping Year.

XI.

And oft I view along the Plain
With slow and solemn step proceed
Heroes and Chiefs, an awful Train,
And high exalt the laurell'd Head.
Submits I honour ev'ry sacred Name,
Deep in the Column grav'd of adamantine Fame.

XII.

But cease, my Muse, with tender Wing
Unfledg'd, etherial Flights to dare,
Stern *Cato's* bold Discourse to sing,
Or paint immortal *Brutus' Air*;
May *Britain* ne'er the Weight of Slav'ry feel,
Or bid a *Brutus* shake for her his crimson Steel!

XIII.

Lo! yonder negligently laid
Fast by the Stream's impurpled side,
Where thro' the thick-entangled Shade,
The radiant Waves of Nectar glide,
Each sacred Poet strikes his tuneful Lyre,
And wafts the ravish'd Heart, and bids the Soul aspire.

XIV.

No more is hear'd the plaintive Strain
Or pleasing Melancholy's Song,
Tibullus here forgets his Pain,
And joins the Love-exulting Throng:
For *Cupid* flutters round with golden Dart,
And fiercely twangs his Bow at ev'ry Rebel Heart.

XV.

XV.

There stretch'd at Ease *Anacreon* gay,
 And on his melting *Lesbia's* Breast,
 With Eye half-rai'd *Catullus* lay,
 And gaz'd himself to balmy Rest.
 While *Venus*' self thro' all the am'rous Groves
 With Kisses fresh-distill'd supply'd their constant Loves.

XVI.

Now *Horace*' hand the String inspir'd,
 My Soul, impatient as he sung,
 The Muse unconquerable fir'd,
 And heav'nly Accents seiz'd my Tongue :
 Then lock'd in Admiration sweet I bow'd,
 Confess'd his potent Art, nor could forbear aloud*.

XVII.

Hail glorious Bard ! whose high Command
 A thousand various Strings obey,
 While joins and mixes to thy Hand,
 At once the bold and tender Lay !
 Not mighty *Homer* down *Parnassus*' Steep,
 Rolls the full Tide of Verse so clear and yet so deep.

XVIII.

O could I catch one Ray divine
 From thy intolerable Blaze !
 To pour strong Lustre on my Line,
 And my aspiring Song to raise ;
 Then should the Muse her choicest Influence shed,
 And with eternal Wreaths entwine my lofty Head.

* *Milton.*

XIX.

XIX.

Then would I sing the Sons of Fame,
Th' immortal Chiefs of ancient Age,
Or tell of Love's celestial Flame,
Or ope fair Friendship's sacred Page,
And leave the sullen Thought and struggling Groan
To take their watchful Stands around the gaudy Throne.

The SILENT FAIR.

I.

FROM all her fair loquacious kind
So different is my *Rosalind*,
That not one Accent can I gain
To crown my Hopes, or sooth my Pain.

II.

Ye Lovers who can construe Sighs,
And are th' Interpreters of Eyes,
To Language all her Looks translate,
And in her Gestures read my Fate.

III.

And if in them you aught can find,
Aught that's gentle, aught that's kind,
Adieu mean Hopes of being Great,
And all the Littleness of State.

IV.

All Thoughts of Grandeur I'll despise,
That from Dependence take their Rise;
To serve her shall be my Employ,
And Love's sweet Agony my Joy.

The TALKATIVE FAIR.

I.

FROM Morn to Night, from Day to Day,
At all Times, and in ev'ry Place,
You scold, repeat, and sing, and say,
Nor are there Hopes you'll ever cease.

II.

Forbear, my *Fannia*, oh! forbear,
If your own Health, or ours you prize:
For all Mankind that hear you, swear,
Your Tongue's more killing than your Eyes.

III.

Your Tongue's a Traitor to your Face,
Your Fame's by your own Noise obscur'd;
All are distracted while they gaze,
But if they listen they are cur'd.

IV.

Your Silence wou'd acquire more Praise
Than all I say, or all I write;
One Look ten thousand Charms displays,
Then hush!—and be an Angel quite.

L I T E R A R Y M E M O I R S.

Essay sur l'Origine des Connoissances Humaines: ouvrage où l'on réduit à un seul Principe tout ce qui concerne l'Entendement Humain. A Amsterdam, chez Pierre Mortier. 1746.

That is,

An Essay upon the Origin of the Intellectual Powers. A Work in which all that relates to the Human Understanding is reduced to a single Principle. In two Volumes in 12mo; the first containing 265 Pages, and the latter 292, exclusive of the Introduction and Contents.

THE Author of this Book pretends to lay down a new Method, by which Men may be enabled to reason as exactly in respect to metaphysical and moral Subjects, as in reference to Geometry. He observes in his Introduction, that there are two Sorts of Metaphysics; the one bold and ambitious, which pretends to pierce through all Mysteries, to penetrate Nature, to render us acquainted with the Essence of Things, and the Causes most hidden and obscure; the other more reserved, which proportions its Researches to the Weakness of the human Understanding, and which, without disquieting us about

about Things that lie intirely out of our Reach, is content to teach what lies within the Compass of our Faculties, and therefore restrains itself within due Bounds. The former represents all Nature as a kind of Enchantment, which it pretends to dissipate; the latter aims at the Discovery of Causes from their Effects, and is as simple as Truth itself. The one accumulates Errors without Number, and fills the Mind with vague Notions, derived from Words without Meaning; by the Help of the other, one acquires a more restrain'd Science, but one avoids Error, the Understanding becomes just, and all its Ideas are clear and distinct.

The Philosophers have addicted themselves chiefly to the first of these, and have considered the other rather as an Accessary and as a lower Branch of the Science, which scarce deserved the Name of Metaphysics. *Locke* is the only Author that deserves to be excepted; he made the human Understanding the Object of this Study, and has treated it with Success: As for *Descartes*, he neither knew the Origin, nor the Generation of our Ideas. It is to this that we are to attribute the Insufficiency of his Method; but it is impossible for us to discover a certain Method of conducting our Thoughts, when we are ignorant of the Manner in which they are formed. *Mallebranche*, who, of all the *Cartesians*, perceived best the Causes of our Errors, aimed sometimes by the Help of Comparisons to explain the Faculties of the Soul, sometimes he lost himself in an *intelligible World*, where he imagined he had found the Source of our Ideas. Others have created and annihilated Beings, sometimes adding, sometimes diminishing, at their Pleasure; and believed, that by this Imagination they should be able to account for the different Operations of the Understanding, and the Manner by which it acquires or loses certain Branches of Knowledge. In fine, the Followers of *Leibnitz* have made of this Substance a Being much more perfect; according to them it is a little World, a living Mirror of the Universe; and by the Power which they have given it, of representing whatever exists, they flatter themselves that they are able to explain its Essence, Nature, and all its Properties. In this Manner it is, that each Party has suffered itself to be seduced by its proper System. We only see what is round about us, and we fancy that every thing lies open to our View; in which we resemble Children, who in a wide Plain fancy that at the Extremity of it they could touch the Skies with their Hands.

Is it then to no Purpose to read the Writings of the Philosophers? But who can flatter himself with the Hopes of succeeding better than so many great Genii, who have been the

Admiration of the Ages in which they lived, without studying their Writings with a View of profiting, at least by the Knowledge of their Mistakes? It is essential to whoever endeavours to find out Truth, to be well acquainted with the Errors of those who have gone before them in the same Design. The Experience of the Philosopher, like that of the Pilot, consists in his Acquaintance with the Shelves and Shoals upon which others have been shipwreck'd, and without the Knowledge of which, he would have no kind of Guide to conduct him upon that Coast.

But if it is not enough barely to discover the Errors of these Philosophers, unless we penetrate their Causes; it is even necessary to ascend from one Cause to another, until by that Means we reach the first. For there must be one, from whence they have all gone astray, and which may be considered as the single Point where all the Roads strike off that lead us into Error. Perhaps also from this very Point we may discern another, where that single Road commences which leads to Truth.

Our first Object, and that of which we ought never to lose Sight, is the Study of the human Understanding; not in order to discover its Nature, but to become acquainted with its Operations; to observe with what Art they are combined, and how they are to be conducted, in order to acquire all the Intelligence of which we are capable. It is necessary to ascend to the very Origin of our Ideas, to discover and distinguish their Generation, to follow them to the utmost Limits which Nature has prescribed them, and thereby fix the Extent and Bounds of our Acquisitions, and learn experimentally the Force of the human Understanding.

It is solely by repeated Observations, that we can pursue these Researches with Success; and we ought to aspire only at discovering a single Experiment, the Truth of which nobody can call in Question, and which may suffice to explain all the rest. This ought sensibly to point out the Source of our Intelligences, what are their Materials, by what Principle they are put in Motion, what Instruments are employed therein, and in what manner we ought to make use of them. I have (says our Author) or at least, I apprehend that I have, found the Solution of all these Problems, in the Connection of Ideas, either with Signs, or with one another; of the Truth of which the Reader may judge by the Perusal of this Work.

He will see, my Design is to refer to one single Principle, all that regards the human Understanding, and that this Principle shall neither be a vague Proposition, an abstracted Maxim, or a gratuitous Supposition, but a settled and constant Experiment, all the Consequences of which are confirmed by fresh Experiments.

Our Ideas are connected with Signs, and it is by this Method, as I shall hereafter prove, that they are connected with each other. So that after having said a word or two of the Materials of our Intelligences, upon the Distinction between Soul and Body, and on Sensations; I shall be obliged, in order to develope my Principles, not only to follow the Operations of the Soul through all their Progress, but also to discover how we contract a Habitude with respect to Signs of every Kind, and what is the use we ought to make of it.

With the View of fulfilling this double Task, I have taken Things as high as it was possible for me to take them. On the one hand, I have ascended as far as Perception, because it is the first Operation that we can remark in the Soul, and I have shown how, and in what order it produces all the other Operations, which are in our power to exercise. On the other side, I have begun with the Language of Action, and have pointed out how it has produced all the Arts that are proper to express our Thoughts, such as Gesture, Dancing, Speech, Declamation, Pantomimes, Musick, Poetry, Writing, and the different Characters of the several Tongues. This History of Language will show the Circumstances under which Signs were first invented, will make us apprehend their true Sense, and enable us to prevent the Abuse of them, and leave us, as I apprehend, no sort of Doubt as to the Origin of our Ideas.

After having thus unfolded the Progress of the Operations of the Soul, and those of Language, I next endeavour to point out the Means by which we may avoid Error, and to show the Order that is to be observed in making Discoveries ourselves, or in explaining to others such as we have already made.

This is the general Plan of the Essay before us, which is not only taken from the Author's Introduction, but is also expressed entirely in his own Words. The Subject without doubt will appear to many both dry and dark; but however, the Work has been very well received in *France*, and seems to deserve it. The Author, whoever he is, for as yet we have not been able to learn his Name, very fairly acknowledges, that he derives all his Lights from, and builds the whole of his Systems upon the Informations he has received from *Bacon* and *Locke*; and it is very remarkable, that he has entered very fully, and very clearly, into the Characters of both those great Writers, so as to treat them with at least as much Justice as any of their own Countrymen.

He observes, that Philosophers are sometimes fond of a Notion merely because it is new, and has been passed by, or disregarded by others; and this not from a Principle of finding or demonstrating new Truths, but from a fond Desire of

acquiring Reputation by taking new Roads, and placing themselves at the Head of different Sects engaged in the support of separate and inconsistent Systems. It is to this Humour, that he ascribes the Zeal which the Peripateticks expressed for this Position, that *all our Intelligences are derived to us from our Senses*. This, he says, they were so far from understanding or being able to make out, that many Ages after it appeared to be a new Discovery. This Discovery, he very justly ascribes to the great Lord Chancellor Bacon, who thereupon founded his admirable Work, intitled, *Novum Organum Scientiarum*, in which he gave most excellent Rules for the Advancement of all the Sciences. The *Cartesians* rejected this Principle with Contempt; because, as he very well remarks, they saw it only in that Light in which it had been placed by the Followers of *Aristotle*. But Mr. *Locke* considered it more attentively, and being persuaded of the Truth of it, undertook the Demonstration thereof, and performed it very effectually.

He observes however, with respect to this Writer, to whose Merit he does all imaginable Justice, that he had not thoroughly considered this Principle, when he undertook his Work of the *Human Understanding*, which from his own Confession he proves, was not only begun, but continued occasionally, to which must be ascribed the Tedioufness of some Parts, the Repetitions that are to be met with in others, and that kind of Disorder which is discernable enough through the whole. He makes however no Scruple of acknowledging, that no body was more capable of correcting these Mistakes, or reviewing and settling his Work upon a right Basis than Mr. *Locke*, who, as he very well observes, has very ingenuously taken Notice of, and pointed out his own Deficiencies, and thereby authorized others to perform what himself confesses he wanted Leisure and Spirits to undertake.

HISTORICAL MEMOIRS.

The Present State and Political Interests of the Republick of GENOA.

THis Republick made anciently a very great Figure, not only considered as a free State of *Italy*, but in respect to *Europe* in general. Her Dominions were large, her Commerce extensive, her Naval Power extremely formidable. But according to the Nature of all Commonwealths, Fluctuations and Revolutions in Government have been very common here;

and

and to them it has been chiefly owing, that *Genoa* has fallen from what she was, and been driven at several Times to submit herself, not only to Emperors and Kings of *France*, but to the Marquisses of *Montferrat*, the Dukes of *Milan*, and other little Princes. In short, the Characters given by ancient Writers of this Nation, under the Name of *Ligurians*, have been always, and at all times, but too applicable to the *Genoese*; who from a factious Disposition, and almost perpetual Disaffection to the Form of Government under which they lived, have kept themselves in continual Disquiet, and lost unaccountably the Advantages derived to them from their Trade and from their Situation, which might otherwise have enabled them to attain what seems after all to have been the utmost Extent of their Wishes, a Power as great, and an Establishment as solid, as that of their Sister Republick *Venice*.

As to their present Situation, by which I mean, the Form of Government they are now under, they owe it entirely to the Virtue of *Andrew Doria*, who in 1527 rescued them out of the Hands of the *French*, and refusing the Sovereignty offered him, fixt their Condition as a Free State, regulating their ancient Nobility, which consisted in twenty eight Families, and their new Nobles at twenty-four. It is not necessary for us to enter into the Particulars of their History from that Time, because they are pretty well known; and therefore we shall content ourselves with saying, that if it had not been for the Factions between their old and new Nobility, which in 1573 rose so high as to occasion a Civil War, and their Disputes with the Duke of *Savoy*, which engaged them in several Wars, they might have enjoyed Peace and Plenty. In 1684 they were severely chastised by *Louis* the XIV. on Account of some Offence he had taken to their Conduct, or rather from a Vanity of showing his Naval Force by bombarding *Genoa*, and obliging the Doge, and four of the principal Senators, to repair to *Versailles*, and make a Submission as little honourable to him as to the Republick. In the last War, they were but indifferently treated by the Allies, and by the *French*; but at the close of it, they made themselves amends by purchasing from the late Emperor *Charles* the VI. the Marquisate of *Final*, to the Possession of which they had long and ardently aspired.

We have heard so much of this Matter already, and are like to hear so much more of it hereafter, that it is requisite we should say something of it here; and as we have no kind of Prepossession in Favour of either Party, we shall state

state the Matter in few Words, and as fairly as it is possible. The *Genoese* had very old Pretensions upon this Country, in Right of a Mortgage made to them by the Princes to whom it belonged; but under Colour of a Felony committed by them, it was seized by the House of *Austria*, and belonged to the *Spanish* Branch of that Family. It was by this means that it came with the rest of the *Italian* Dominions of that Family into the Hands of the late Emperor, and on his Behalf the Duke of *Savoy* put a Garrison into it. But upon the Sale of this Marquisate by his Imperial Majesty in 1713, the *Piedmontese* Garrison in *Final* evacuated it, and three hundred *Corficans* took Possession of it for the *Genoese*, who kept it till the present War. But it is also necessary to observe, that the Dukes of *Savoy* had likewise Pretensions upon this Marquisate, though they were not in a Condition to assert, or make them good; and therefore on the Conclusion of the Treaty of *Worms*, as we have shown in another Place, his *Sardinian* Majesty stipulated, that upon giving the *Genoese* Satisfaction for the Money laid out in the Purchase of this Country, it should belong to him. This the Republick considered as so great an Injury, that they entered into a Treaty with the *French* and *Spaniards* for their own Security, and for the Preservation of their Dominions; the Consequences of which are very well known.

But with respect to this Marquisate, and the Disposition of this Country by the Treaty of *Worms*, there are three Points that deserve well to be considered. The first is, That whatever Rights the Duke of *Savoy* had to this Country, they could not be prejudiced by the Emperor's Sale of it to the *Genoese*; and therefore there was no Injustice in the King of *Sardinia's* taking Advantage of the present Conjuncture to avail himself of the Pretensions of his Family. The second is, That the *Genoese* were to have a Satisfaction for this Country; and though it might be true, that both their Interests and their Inclinations led them to prefer the Possession of *Final* to any Equivalent that could be given them for it, yet this ought not to be a Rule to other Powers, whose Interests and Inclinations were on the Side of his *Sardinian* Majesty. This will appear still the plainer, if we consider that it is not out of any real Affection for the Republick of *Genoa*, that the House of *Bourbon* contends for maintaining her in the Possession of this Country, but for the Sake of keeping her in Dependence, and keeping *Final* from the King of *Sardinia*. The Allies therefore, who have the same Reasons to wish this Country in the Hands of that Prince, have

have the same Right to employ their Power for the Accomplishment of their Wishes in this Respect. The third Point is, That the Desire of making this Alteration was not, as has been supposed, either wanton or arbitrary; on the contrary, it appears to have been founded upon Principles of good Policy; for on the one hand, as it would immediately open a Communication between his *Sardinian* Majesty and the Maritime Powers, which is apparently of the highest Consequence for the Preservation of the Tranquillity and Balance of Power in *Italy*; so on the other Hand, it was provided that it should be equally beneficial to Commerce, by an express Stipulation that *Final* should be made a free Port, in the same manner, and for the same Purposes, as *Lisbourn*.

But none of these Considerations weighing with the *Genese*, they have ventured the Subversion of their State for the Sake of preserving this Territory, which nevertheless has been taken from them by the Chance of War, together with *Savona*, which is another fine Port, that they have long ago filled up and render'd useless, for the Sake of confining the Commerce of that Part of *Italy* to their own Harbour; which, how consistent it is with the Law of Nations, and the general Interest of other trading Countries, I shall not take upon me to determine. One thing however is very clear, that a State who considers nobody's Interest but her own, has no great Reason to expect that other States should consider her Interests more than their own. It is impossible to foresee what new Turn Things may take during the Continuance of the War, or upon what Foundation the Affairs of *Italy* may be settled by a general Peace; but most probable it is, that the Republick will preserve her Liberty, and the greatest Part at least, if not all her Dominions.

These consist at present of the Countries extending along the Sea Coasts, on both Sides, from the City of *Genoa*, which are stiled the Eastern and Western *Rivieras*. This Word in *Italian* signifies a *Strand*; and indeed the Country is very little better, having high, craggy, and almost impassable Mountains behind it. These however are not so barren as they are represented, every little Valley, and indeed every Spot of Ground that will admit of it, being cultivated and improved to the utmost; so that Fruits, Oil, and Silk are raised here to great Advantage. The Island of *Corsica* belongs also to this Republick; it is reckoned three Hundred and twenty-five Miles in Circumference. It abounds with all Sorts of Provision; the Wines are thought tolerable, and if long kept, are little, if at

all, inferior to those of *Spain*. Honey, Wax, and Salt, are the staple Commodities of the Country: There are several good Fisheries upon its Coasts, and some Iron Mines in the Heart of the Island. The Severity of the *Genoese* Government on one Side, and the seditious and turbulent Spirit of the Natives on the other, have hitherto hinder'd *Corsica* from making any Figure in *Europe*; which if these Obstacles were removed, it might certainly do. The Revenues of the Republick are very far from being considerable, nor is the Trade thereof near so great as it was; however both are still capable of being recovered. The private Persons in this City, of great Families, are commonly rich, and have large Estates, some in *Naples* and *Sicily*, others in *Spain*, and not a few in the *Italian* Dominions belonging to the House of *Austria*; which is attended with great Inconveniences, as throwing them into Interests inconsistent with, or directly opposite to those of their Country.

The Constitution of *Genoa* is of a mixt Nature, but seems from Experience to be but ill contrived, as having so much of an Aristocracy as to make the People uneasy, and yet so much of a Democracy as to keep up a continual Ferment. The *Doge*, or Duke, is elected every two Years, during which Time he resides in the Palace, is maintained at the Publick Expence, has Guards and other Ensigns of Princely Dignity, and twelve Counsellors continually about him, stiled the *Seignory*, in whom the Majesty of the Republick resides; but with regard to the *Dernier Resort*, or Legislative Power, it is vested in the Great Council, which consists of four Hundred. And this, in few Words, is a clear Detail of that Government, which some Writers have affected to obscure by long and perplexed Accounts, that are very little to the Purpose.

The Ruling Maxim in this State, is the maintaining good Government at Home, and Peace with all its Neighbours, which if steddily pursued would speedily change the Face of her Affairs; and though there is very little Probability that she should ever recover her former Power or Greatness, yet she might certainly rise to such a measure of it, as might free her from any Apprehensions of her Neighbours. Her Situation for Trade is so convenient, and in Time of Peace, Money is to be had there at so low Interest, that without doubt their Merchants might carry on a much greater Commerce than they do, if they were not so fond of Banking, which though in some measure advantageous, is in other respects very inconvenient to the State. Her Disputes with the King

of

of *Sardinia* have been always dangerous and detrimental to the Republick, and therefore it could not fail of being advantageous to her, if they were once finally regulated. The next General Peace may very probably put it in her Power, to attain a more certain Establishment than she has hitherto had, and perhaps, an effectual Guarantee of her Dominions, which, with her being obliged to fortify her Capital regularly, and to settle a Method for disciplining her Militia, may prove in Time an Equivalent for all that she has lost or suffered in the Course of the War, more especially if she could be so happy as to put the Affairs of *Corfica* upon a right Foot, by allowing the Nobility of that Island a share in the Privileges of her own, and oblige them in return to allow their Vassals and Tenants such a Degree of Freedom, as might render Industry known amongst them; for want of which they starve in the midst of Plenty, and are downright Beggars, in a Country where, under a proper Government, every Man might live well and at ease.

The Present State of the Dominions of the House of AUSTRIA in Italy.

THE great Point which the Maritime Powers had in View upon the Death of *Charles* the Second, King of *Spain*, the last Heir-Male of the eldest Branch of the House of *Austria*, was to divide his Territories in such a manner between the remaining Branch of the House of *Austria*, and the Descendants of the Dauphin of *France*, as might preserve the Tranquillity of *Europe* at that Time, and the Balance of Power for the future. It was to answer this End, that by the Treaties of *Utrecht* and *Baden*, all the Spanish Dominions in *Italy* were secured to the late Emperor *Charles* the Sixth; and the Quadruple Alliance, and all the Negotiations founded thereon, were built upon the same Principle. By this means his Imperial Majesty became possessed of the Kingdom of *Naples* and *Sicily*, the noble Dutchy of *Milan*, and all its Dependencies, together with the Dutchy of *Manitua*, which was seized upon the last Duke *Charles* the Fourth's adhering to *France* in the last War, and dying in Exile at *Venice*. The Dutchies of *Parma* and *Placentia* were yielded to him by the Treaty of *Vienna*, as an Equivalent for *Naples*.

and *Sicily*, though but a poor one. As for the Grand Dutchy of *Tuscany*, it belongs to his present Imperial Majesty in his own Right, being given him in lieu of his Hereditary Country of *Lorrain*, which purely for the sake of restoring Peace he yielded to that ambitious Power, which has been for some Ages past the common Disturber of *Europe*.

The noble Dutchy of *Milan*, which has been deservedly esteemed one of the finest Principalities in *Europe*, is above two hundred and forty Miles in Length, and eighty in Breadth. It is generally divided, together with the Countries annexed to it, into thirteen Districts, viz. The *Milanese* Proper. The *Pavefe*. The *Lodofan*. The *Cremonefe*. The *Comafco*. The County of *Anghiera*. The Vallies of *Seffa*. The *Novarefe*. The *Pigevanois*. The *Lomelline*. The *Alexandrin*. The *Torinese*. And the Territories of *Bobbio*. But of these several have been granted to the King of *Sardinia*, some by the Emperor *Charles* the Sixth, and others by the Empress Queen now reigning, as we have already shown in another Place; but notwithstanding this, what remains to the House of *Austria*, may be still considered as one of the fairest and finest Countries in her Possession. It lies in the most pleasant Climate, and is blest with as fruitful a Soil as any in *Europe*, watered by the noble Rivers *Po*, *Teffin*, *Adda* and *Seffa*, besides the noble Lakes of *Maggiore*, *Lugano*, and *Como*. But to come to the most material Point, the Revenues that are now drawn from it amount to at least three hundred thousand Pounds Sterling a Year, beside its furnishing Subsistence for 30000 Men, and enabling the Court of *Pienna* to provide with Governments, and Preferments Ecclesiastical, Military and Civil, Numbers of her Dependents, and that too, which is no easy matter, even to the extent of their Hopes and Wishes.

The Dutchy of *Mantua* is also a very fine Country about fifty Miles in Length, but so unequal in Breadth, that there is no saying any thing of it with Certainty. The Capital is very large, and withal one of the best Fortresses in *Italy*, both by Art and Nature; the Country abounds in Corn, Fruit, Flax, Silk, and Cattle, and the Revenue is usually computed at about a fourth Part of that of *Milan*. The little Territory of *Guastalla* belonged to a Prince of that Tide, a younger Branch of the Family of *Gonzaga*, to whom, in the ordinary Course of Things, the Dutchy of *Mantua* should have descended. He too is dead without Issue this very Year; and his Country also is fallen into the Possession of the House of *Austria*.

The Dutchies of *Parma* and *Placentia* are very fine Countries, bordering on those before mentioned, extending in Length about sixty, and in Breadth about half that number of Miles. No Country in the World can boast of finer Air, and few of so fine a Soil. The Pastures are most extensive, and the Cheese beyond Comparison the most excellent in *Italy*. Oil, Wine, Rice, Corn, and Fruits, each admirable in its Kind, and all in the utmost Plenty, are the Produce of this Country; and the Revenues of the Prince, when it had Princes of its own, which was till very lately, were at least equal to those of the Duke of *Mantua*. One need not wonder therefore, that the Court of *Vienna* is so solicitous about the Preservation of her Concerns in *Italy*, when we consider their great Value, and the prodigious Sums that are drawn from them in Time of Peace.

The Grand Duchy of *Tuscany*, as we observed, belongs in Property to the Emperor, who has as clear a Title thereto, as any Prince can have, and the Possession also is as well secured to him, if any Trust could be put in Guaranters. It is a most noble Country, inhabited by an industrious and wealthy People, who have shewn what Art and Labour can do in a Country where Nature has not been so bountiful as to those that have been before described; for as a great Part of *Tuscany* is mountainous and barren, so towards the Sea-Coast it is full of Marshes, which render the Air very unwholesome, and some Ages ago it was thought that the Soil would admit of no Improvement, but remain as worthless as Nature left it; but since the building the City of *Leghorn*, and making it a free Port, the Country all about is not only become habitable, but a kind of Paradise. All this was owing to the Care and Attention of the Family of *Medici*, then on the Throne of *Tuscany*; but it must be confessed, that if on the one hand those Princes looked upon themselves as the Shepherds of their People, they took the Liberty of fleecing them on the other; so that no Power in *Europe* raised so high a Revenue in Proportion to its Territories and the Number of People upon them, as the Grand Duke. Some Computations have carried this to the Height of half a Million of our Money; but it may be laid down, with some degree of Certainty, that this and the other Countries belonging to their Imperial Majesties, produce annually, in Time of Peace, very near double that Sum; so that as they are very well worth the keeping, one would think they might very well pay for their keeping.

The

The Pretensions and Dominions of the House of BOURBON
in Italy.

WE have very frequently mentioned this Subject occasionally, in order to explain other Matters which we were treating; but we will now take the Opportunity of going to the Bottom of it, and of stating the Rise and Progress of that Establishment, which has chiefly occupied the Attention of the European Powers since the Conclusion of the last general Peace at *Utrecht*. By that the Emperor was put in Possession of the Dominions of the House of *Austria* in *Italy*, and it was thought this Disposition had secured the Balance of Power in *Europe*, in spite of almost all Events. But it very often happens, that when Politicians have some one great and important Object in View, they neglect or pass by unobserved what merits their Attention; so in this case, the care they had of the Balance of *Europe* made them entirely forget the Balance of *Italy*, which was absolutely over-turned by this very Settlement.

It is indeed true, that *Sicily* was given to the Duke of *Savoy*, but as this proceeded from the pure Affection of Queen *Anne*, &c. the giving him that Kingdom was not attended with such an Augmentation of Power as might enable him to keep it; for at this time, the Emperor was not only Master of great Dominions in, but to speak truly, was Master of *Italy*. He had the Kingdom of *Naples* and the Dutchy of *Milan*, together with the Island of *Sardinia*, as his Hereditary Countries; the Dutchy of *Mantua* he kept as an escheated Fief; and in virtue of his Imperial Dignity, he had, or claimed such Rights over the *Italian* Princes and States, as gave them infinite and intolerable Uneasiness. Before the Death of *Louis* the Fourteenth, they had entered into some secret Negotiations with the Court of *France*; for it was evident enough, that the House of *Bourbon* only could afford them the Protection they wanted; and upon the Death of the Queen of *Spain*, the Marriage of *Philip* the Fifth with the Heiress of the Houses of *Farnese* and *Medici*, gave them great Hopes of seeing a Turn in their Favour.

His Catholick Majesty had now two different Interests in *Italy*; one founded on the Pretensions, which as Successor to the House of *Austria*, he had on the Kingdoms of *Naples* and *Sicilly*, and the Dutchy of *Milan*, which he had renounced by
Force,

Force, and another in Right of his Wife; his Issue by her being intitled to the Succession of *Parma*, *Placentia*, and *Tuscany*. The Emperor was jealous of both these Rights, and was very earnest with his Allies to provide against them; which might have been done, the Pope having a Claim to the Dutchies of *Parma* and *Placentia*, and his Imperial Majesty a Colour of Right to dispose of the Grand Dutchy of *Tuscany*. The Quadruple Alliance was concluded with a View to remedy the Defects of the Treaties of *Utrecht* and *Baden*; but the Regent of *France* could not be brought into that Alliance, without stipulating in Favour of his Catholick Majesty the eventual Succession of *Parma* and *Placentia*, by which there was a formal Decision against the Rights of the Pope, and in Favour of the Emperor; but then the latter were only acknowledged to support this Power to give them away. There is no doubt, that the Protestant Powers interested in that Alliance, acted very consistently, but the same cannot be said of the Catholick Princes; yet this was afterwards confirmed by Cardinal *Fleury*, so much stronger with all Politicians is Interest than Principle.

The Emperor, without doubt, foresaw all the Inconveniencies that would attend this Concession; but the immediate Advantages which he derived from that Alliance, by the Exchange of *Sardinia* for *Sicily*, induced him to consent to it, though it is very certain that he did it with Reluctance, and that he expostulated the Point with his Allies to the utmost. It is very likely, that the Succession to *Parma* and *Placentia* being eventual only, and attended with many Contingencies, was what chiefly prevailed upon the *British* Ministers to go so readily into this Scheme. It looked as if they had judged right upon the Death of *Francis* Duke of *Parma*, Uncle to the Queen Dowager of *Spain*; for his Brother *Antonio Farnese* no sooner succeeded to the Dutchy, than, contrary to every Body's Expectations, he married the Princess *Henrietta* of *Modena*, by whom he if had had any Issue, the Succession of the King of *Spain's* Children by his second Marriage had been defeated, and this Duke's Descendant would have been the Heirs, not only of his Dominions, but of those of the Grand Duke.

But he dying in *January*, 1731, without Issue, the Infant *Don Carlos*, in virtue of a Multitude of Treaties, which having been mentioned in their proper Places, need not be repeated here, became intitled to that Succession, and according to the Stipulations in the Treaty of *Seville*, was actually

actually put into the peaceable Possession of *Parma*; and in Consequence of a Negotiation with *John Gastan*, the last Duke of *Tuscany*, was by him also acknowledged for his Heir apparent, and had the Title of Grand Prince. It was now thought that the Views of *Spain* were entirely accomplished, and that both the King and Queen would be content with seeing their Son so fully provided for, and his Possessions so well secured to him as they were by several Treaties. The *Italian* Princes also were very well satisfied, because they were now sure of Support in case they entered into any Alliance amongst themselves, to set Bounds to the Power of the House of *Austria* in *Italy*.

But upon the breaking out of the War, occasioned by the Death of the late King of *Poland*, the Face of Affairs in *Italy* were entirely changed, and his Catholick Majesty having already obtained all that he could pretend to in Right of his Queen, began to revive the Claims which he had renounced in Right of his Crown, and in the Month of *March*, 1734, the Infant Don *Carlos* having penetrated through the Ecclesiastical Dominions, arrived with a *Spanish* Army, commanded under him by the Count de *Montemar*, on the Frontiers of the Kingdom of *Naples*. The Count de *Visconti* was at that Time Viceroy of the Kingdom for the Emperor *Charles VI.* and had the Misfortune to succeed his Predecessor in the general Hatred of the People, who revolted almost unanimously, as soon as the *Spaniards* entered their Country; upon which the Viceroy quitted *Naples*, after plundering all the Mounts of Piety; Funds, which had been accounted sacred in all former Revolutions. The only Cities that were in a Condition to make Resistance, were those of *Garru* and *Cápua*, and in these there were pretty good Garrisons. The Imperial Forces that kept the Field were about nine Thousand Men, and they retired to a very strong, retrenched Camp, under the little Town of *Bitonto*, where they were forced by the Count de *Montemar*, who gained there the most signal Victory recorded in the *Napoleitan* History, for which he was deservedly rewarded with the Title of Duke of *Bitonto*; which however I do not find that he used, but was afterwards stiled Duke de *Montemar*.

The Infant Don *Carlos*, Duke of *Parma* and *Placentia*, and Hereditary Grand Prince of *Tuscany*, became King of the two *Sicilies*, in virtue of a Cession made to him of his Father's Rights; which Rights however he had renounced over and over, in Favour of the Emperor. Having so good a Title, he was pleased to constitute the Duke de *Montemar* the Year following Viceroy of *Sicily*, who made the Conquest of that Island

stand in as short a Time as the Kingdom of *Naples*, if indeed it could be called a Conquest, where the People rose in every Province to favour his Expedition, as having been always fond of the *Spanish* Government, in the same Proportion that they hated that of the *Germans*. Upon this *Don Carlos* went over thither, made his publick Entry into *Messina* with all the Magnificence imaginable, and after having done the same at *Palermo*, where he was crowned, he returned to *Naples*.

By the Acquisition of these two Kingdoms, and by the other Losses which the Emperor had sustained in *Italy*, where he had nothing now left but the City of *Mantua*, the Balance was again altered, and the *Italian* Princes had now as much to fear from the House of *Bourbon*, as they apprehended a very few Years before from the House of *Austria*. But Things did not long wear this Face. *France* was resolved to get out of the War, and to get something for going into it; the compromised Matters therefore with the Emperor at the Expence of her Allies. Instead of the Duchy of *Milan*, the King of *Sardinia* was forced to be content with two very small Districts, tho' the Emperor would have given him three. The Duchies of *Parma* and *Placentia* were bestowed upon his Imperial Majesty, as an Equivalent for the two *Sicilies*, which was rather a worse Equivalent than had been given the House of *Savoy* by the Quadruple Alliance. As for the eventual Succession to *Tuscany*, it was given to the Duke of *Lorraine*, according to the old Plan of *France*, which many Years before had offered to exchange for it the Duchy of *Milan*. By this Treaty of Peace, to which *Don Carlos* was obliged to accede in *December* 1736, the Dominions of the House of *Bourbon* were reduced to the Kingdom of the two *Sicilies*, and the Garrisons on the Coast of *Tuscany*.

All the World knows how much the Court of *Madrid* was displeased with this Distribution of Things, and how soon the Queen of *Spain* began to revive her Pretensions to her hereditary Dominions in Favour of her second Son the Infant *Don Philip*. It was to pacify her, and to give a kind of Security, that on the first proper Occasion, *France* would assist in obtaining her new Demand, however unjust and unreasonable; that a Princess of *France* was given to *Don Philip*, which the Cardinal *De Fleury* hoped would have quieted Things for his Time, as in all Probability it would, if the sudden Death of the Emperor *Charles VI.* had not obliged him to abandon his pacific System. I mean by this, that it put an End to all his Expedients, and forced him much against his Inclination upon a new War, for which he seemed to have provided, but was really in hopes that some lucky

Event would have afforded him the Means of disengaging himself from the Measures he entered into for the Sake of gratifying the Court of *Madrid*, or rather the insatiable Ambition of the Queen.

This gave Occasion to the present War, which, as it was flagrantly unjust, in the Breach of the last Treaty of *Vienna*, by which *France* guaranty'd the Pragmatick Sanction, so it was altogether as unreasonable in respect to *Italy*, where every thing had been adjusted upon Terms equally agreeable to the Ballance of Power in general, and to the Ballance particularly in that Country. It was the Consideration of this, and a perfect Foresight of its Consequences, that induced his *Sardinian* Majesty to reject all the Offers that could be made him by the Courts of *Madrid* and *Versailles*, to come into their Scheme; and therefore there is not the least Grounds to suspect that he will ever depart from his present Engagements, while he is in a Condition to fulfill them. This Deduction plainly proves, that any Addition of Territory to the House of *Bourbon* on this Side, must destroy the Ballance in *Italy*; and, consequently, must have a Tendency to create a new general War. So that to hope for any solid Peace, if the Settlement of the Infant *Don Philip* in that Country be a part of the Plan, is irrational and absurd. The true Maxims of Policy teach us this, and we are likewise taught by Experience, from the Slips made in the Treaty of *Utrecht*, and in the Quadruple Alliance, not to extend our Remarks farther, or take to in other Treaties, which how right soever they might be as Expedients, were certainly wrong in their first Principles.

This we have taken the Liberty to say out of pure Zeal for Truth; and whatever may be thought of these political Reflections on the State of *Europe* at present, we dare confidently appeal to Posterity, and the future Course of Events for their Solidity. It may be thought that a private Man, one who has no Lights but those he borrows from his Books and his Observations, can hardly form a right Judgment of Matters so intricate as well as important; but Time will demonstrate the contrary, and show that it is very possible for a speculative Politician, that is not misled either by Attachment to Ministers or Party Prejudices, to penetrate as far into Matters of this Nature, as those who seem to be more immediately concerned in them; and who, for that very Reason, cannot speak what is dictated to them by their own Judgments, but must use the Language of the System for the time being, let that System be what it will.

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